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Robert the Brave.

(Continued.)

This prudent conduct on the part of Robert produced all the effect that he expected from it. The castellan, irritated at the inactivity in which his troops were left to waste away, and indignant at the thought that time alone would be sufficient to conquer and deliver him up to the resentment of the count of Toulouse, resolved to exert all his force and all his courage to surmount the obstacles by which he was held enchained. After having selected the bravest and most determined of his soldiers, he made a desperate attack, in the midst of a very dark night, on the entrenchment placed before the principal defile that led to the castle. But it was in vain that he hoped to surprise the vigilance of Robert. A martial shout gave notice of his approach; the soldiers hastily assembled, and supported the attack. He indeed overthrew a number of the foremost, and endeavoured to penetrate into the entrenchments; but here his course is

arrested by Robert, who, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, distinguished him by the violence of his blows, dealing at the same time terrible ones himself. The castellan, defended by an armour almost impenetrable, redoubles his efforts to triumph over an enemy who excites his astonishment; but while he still makes the most violent exertions in hope of victory, he hears the cries of his followers in confusion, who can no longer resist the soldiers of Robert but are beginning to flag. He now fears that he may fall into the power of his rival, who orders his troops to endeavour to surround him; and retires slowly, but fighting obstinately, every step. Robert does not allow him to relax for a moment; but when he has reached the entrance of the defile, with the turnings and means of defence of which he is unacquainted, he restrains his ardent courage, and returns to the camp.

This fruitless attempt did not deprive the castellan of hope. He attributed his ill success solely to the confusion produced by the darkness of the night. He proposed to make an

other effort, but first resolved to have recourse to an expedient by which he hoped to terminate a war, the issue of which he began to fear. Full of confidence in his prodigious strength, and in his habit of conquering in single combat, he sent a herald at arms to present to the two friends a challenge conceived in the following terms :

‘ You are only known by the address with which you gain prizes in games and tournaments. Women alone ought to annex value to such laurels. If you possess courage, if you are worthy of the elevated rank to which you aspire, no longer conceal yourselves behind your numerous defenders. Take the field both of you against me alone.—Engage me, unaided by my followers, in martial combat. If you are conquerors, my defeat will crown you with glory, and render you masters of all that I possess. Appoint the hour and place of combat, and I will meet you alone. But should you refuse this challenge, you cannot but be cowards ; your soldiers will blush at having you for their leaders, and mine will learn how easy it is to conquer you.’

The two friends trembled with indignation when they read this insolent defiance. Roger wished instantly to send his pledge, and present himself alone to fight the castellan ; but Robert, faithful to his duty, and the orders he had received from the count of Toulouse, thought only of executing them, and did not conceive that he had a right to repel an injury merely personal.

‘ Return,’ said he to the herald, ‘ to him who sent you. Tell him that I have received orders to punish him, and not to avenge myself for his insults.’

If the chance of arms should afford me an opportunity to engage in combat with him, I trust I shall compel him to treat me with more respect. This is the answer which my honour and my duty oblige me to return.’

The castellan, on receiving this reply, abandoned himself to his rage. He proclaimed publicly the refusal he had received. He branded the two friends with cowardice, and declared to all around him that they did not come to attack him as warriors, but as base assassins. Immediately every precaution was made for his new enterprize ; which, the more he considered it, the less he was inclined to attempt by night. He felt that his soldiers would have need of his example, and that he himself should better be able by day light to direct their motions. He hoped, likewise, that by choosing the moment when the twilight began to dawn, he might cause all the confusion of a surprise ; and he resolved, therefore, to fix that time for his attack.

As he was persuaded that the two friends would be actuated by the most eager desire to avenge the insult he had offered them, he did not doubt but they would unite their force, to oppose with more vigour any attempt he might make. He supposed, too, that they would double the troops posted to defend the passage he had already attempted to force : and he hoped to deceive them by ordering only a false attack on this side, while, with the choicest of his troops, he should issue by the other defile. All his measures were taken according to this plan, the execution of which he superintended himself.

The night during which he made these

last preparations had now elapsed, and the twilight began to appear. The castellan, clothed in a strong but light armour, that he might be the better enabled to fight on foot, issued forth at the head of his troops, determined to conquer or perish. But all his projects and foresight failed him; Roger and Robert had not joined: each was at his post, nor entertained the thought that his companion could need assistance. It was against the intrenchment where Roger commanded that the castellan directed his attack.

As soon as he appeared, a martial shout convinced him that all hope of surprising his vigilant enemy was at an end. Disappointed in this, he listened only to his rage. He advanced before his soldiers, and was ready to burst into the intrenchment, when Roger appeared prepared to repel his assault. Immediately the two chiefs recognize each other by their armour. Equally inflamed with rage, equally animated with the thirst of vengeance, and fearing to be separated by the crowd of combatants, each makes at the same instant a sign to the troops who follow him to advance no further.

'Castellan!' exclaimed Roger, 'you have not feared to insult me: you believe me a coward. Let us not uselessly shed the blood of others. I accept your challenge. Let us command our warriors to wait till we shall have decided our quarrel.'

At these words a barbarous joy arises in the heart of the castellan: he doubts for an instant whether he had rightly heard; but seeing Roger give the signal to his men to halt and suspend their attack, he returns precipitately towards his own troops, and, be-

lieving himself certain of victory, orders his soldiers to stop, and commands them with a loud voice, to retire without fighting, should he fall beneath the blows of so feeble an adversary.

This new insult cannot add to the courage of Roger; he replies to it only by leaping the trench which separates them, and advances singly to meet the castellan. The warriors on each side remain motionless, and observe a profound silence.

The two rivals, sword in hand, advance, survey, menace, and attack each other. Fire flashes from their armour. The castellan, of larger bodily size, more furious, and better armed, showers thick his blows, which Roger, more skilful and cool, parries and returns with effect. Without losing ground they alternately recede and advance, and each endeavours to discover the defect of the armour of his adversary. They aim new strokes, which fall upon their bucklers, while the eye is unable to follow their swords, as they fly, and glance, and clash in the air. No blood, however, as yet flows, victory appears still to remain doubtful, and it seems as if fatigue alone could terminate the contest.

At length the castellan, resolved to conquer or fall, throws away his buckler, retreats some paces, grasps with both hands his weighty sword, and, returning like a thunderbolt, makes a fearful stroke at his antagonist. The blade divides the buckler of Roger, cuts through his cuirass, and, the point wounding his breast, draws forth a stream of blood. Roger staggers under this terrible blow; and the castellan, animated by hope of victory, pre-

pared to repeat it ; but Roger, availing himself of the moment when his enemy raises his arm, takes advantage of a defect in his coat of mail, striking a blow which penetrates to his heart, and extends him dead at his feet.

At the same instant shouts of victory were heard in the camp of Roger, but it was not by the troops who surrounded him that they were raised : they were too much alarmed at perceiving that it was with difficulty he could support himself. These shouts were a thousand times repeated by the soldiers of Robert ; who, after having repulsed the attack made upon him, had flown to the assistance of his friend. He found him covered with blood, and, rushing towards him, followed by his victorious band, the soldiers of the castellan, too feeble and too discouraged to sustain his attack, retreated, abandoning the body of their chief.

Roger first dispelled the fears of his friend with respect to his wound, which he assured him was but slight. Both, then, at sight of their vanquished enemy, felt pity succeed to their animosity, and they regretted that he should have disgraced his high birth and courage by an unjust and ferocious ambition. Robert, after having given orders that the body should be buried, and placed a guard of honour over it, thought only of the wound of his friend, for whom he anxiously procured every assistance.

In the mean time the soldiers of the castellan returned to the castle, where the daughter of their deceased chief, the beautiful Adela, came eagerly to meet them. Fearful and trembling, she perceived their consternation, and dreaded to inquire its cause. She en-

deavoured to preserve the uncertainty in which she was, but soon was it cruelly dispelled by the officer who commanded under the orders of her father, who threw himself at her feet, and inquired what were her commands.— She could only answer by an exclamation of despair : tears and groans stifled her voice, and her women bore her to her apartment, where she abandoned herself to her grief.

As soon as the first violence of her feelings had somewhat abated, the commandant sent to request permission to present himself before her, and forced her to suspend for a few moments her tears, to prescribe in what manner he should act. He then informed her that the body of her unhappy father still remained on the field of battle ; and at the very instant when she felt her despair redouble, it was necessary to determine whether she would continue to defend the castle, or throw herself on the clemency of the count of Toulouse.

Adela was ignorant both of the cause of this war, and of the numerous acts of injustice of which her father had been guilty. She had just completed her twentieth year, and her time had been employed in cultivating those accomplishments which might embellish the graces bestowed on her by nature. Warlike achievements were too foreign to her ideas and character for her to attempt to form any judgment of them. She had never been acquainted with the projects of her father. She knew that the count of Toulouse was his legitimate sovereign, and she had frequently heard the castellan himself extol the justice and generosity of that prince. She was unable, therefore, to

conceive whence this animosity originated, or what was the cause of the vengeance he pretended to exercise. Still less did she know that it was for her alone that her father abandoned himself to the most unjust ambition.

The castellan, actuated by an extreme affection for his daughter, and seeing that she united to her illustrious birth all the gifts which nature could bestow, had frequently regretted that he was not the equal of the most powerful sovereigns. He could have wished to have left her a throne for an inheritance; and, though this was not in his power, he thought he might at least imitate the numerous examples of knights who by their valour had enlarged their domains, and rendered themselves independent. He was the more confident he should obtain success in such an attempt, as he had hitherto found no person able to resist his attacks, or contend with him a single combat. Excited by his ardent courage, which was not guided by justice and reason, considering the right of conquest as the most noble and legitimate of claims, and already very powerful from the possessions he had inherited from his ancestors, he had carried desolation and ravage through the lands of his neighbours. In vain had the count of Toulouse sent orders to him to restore the possessions he had usurped; he had only answered by insulting menaces. *(To be continued)*

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY,

Related on the authority of Lady Hamilton, the first wife of Sir William Hamilton, many years the British Minister at the Court of Naples:

About the year 1743, a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth,

who practised Surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the Piazza di Spagna, in that city, being in bed, was called up to attend some strangers, who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house in a coach; and on his going to the door he found two men masked, by whom he was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted of no delay. He complied and got into the coach; but no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided, than they informed him he must submit to have his eyes bandaged; the person to whom they were about to conduct him, being a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and, after driving thro' a number of streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen his companions, then alighting, and each taking him by the arm conducted him into a house. Ascending a narrow staircase, they entered an apartment, where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them next acquainted him, that it being necessary to put out of life a lady who had dishonoured her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill; that he would find her in the adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possible; a service, for the execution of which, he should receive a liberal recompence.

Ogilvie at first peremptorily refused

to commit an act, so highly repugnant to his feelings. But the two strangers assured him with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal could only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; that her doom was irrevocable, and that unless he chose to participate a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated and finding all entreaty or remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a Lady, of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose undress; and immediately afterwards a female attendant placed before her a large tub filled with warm water, in which she immersed her legs. Far from imposing any impediment to the act which she knew he was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation; entreating him to put the sentence passed on her into execution, with as little delay as possible. She added that she was well aware no pardon could be hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would abbreviate her sufferings, and soon terminate their duration.

After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or of escape, either for the Lady, or for himself; being moreover urged to expedite his work by two persons without, who, impatient at his reluctance, threatened to exercise violence on him, if he procrastinated; Ogilvie took out his lancet, opened her veins, and bled her to death in a short time.

The gentlemen having carefully examined the body, in order to ascertain that she was no more; after expressing their satisfaction, offered him a purse of *Zechins*, as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed from a scene, on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied, and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase, to the carriage. But, it being narrow, in descending the steps, he contrived to leave on one or both of the walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him thither from his own house, he was conducted home; and at parting, the two Masques charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and if possible, never to think on the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measure, with a view to render it public, or to set on foot an inquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflections.

On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution, he determined, at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate, by concealing such an enormous crime.

It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the name and quality of the Lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself, however, to be deterred by

these considerations, he waited on the secretary of the Apostolic Chamber, and acquainted him with every particular; adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the house, and of bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed Benedict the Fourteenth, (Lambertini) who then occupied the Papal chair, had no sooner received the information, than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the Sbirri, or officers of justice, was appointed by his order, to accompany Ogilvie; who, judging from various circumstances, that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the Villas scattered without the walls of that metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the Villa Pona Julio, constructed by Pope Julius the Third, (*del Monte*) he there found the bloody marks left on the walls by his fingers, at the same time that he recognized the apartment in which he had put to death the Lady. The palace belonged to the Duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family, and his brother, had committed the murder in the person of their own sister. They no sooner found that it was discovered than they fled to this city, where they easily eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining here for some time, they obtained a pardon, by the exertions of their powerful friends, on paying of a considerable fine to the Apostolic Chamber, and under the further condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room, where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction,

and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, still continued to exist there till within these few years

DESCRIPTION OF THE HAMBURGH GUARD.

HAVING been often amused with the appearance, march, and parade of the Hamburgh guard, I doubt not, were I capable to describe their true picture, it would be equally entertaining to your numerous readers.

About five o'clock each evening, or, as the day lengthens, nearer six, a fine elegant drummer, with a still more richly ornamented drum, summons this motley squad from their obscure retreat. Their approach to the general rendezvous is rather *gradual* than *graceful*; for ninety of the hundred could not walk ten miles to gain paradise. In this corps uniformity, either in *dress*, *manner*, or *magnitude*, is out of the question; their internal appearance demonstrates them not only *Jews*, but the real descendants of *Joseph*; for their *coats* are of many *colours*. Their military appearance might not perhaps terrify a Hercules, from the apparent prowess of their arm; but their beards, like the whiskers of a shaggy lion, with the canine ferocity of their unhumanlike countenance, would doubtless damp even a forward foe. Their armour is as different as their dress or their altitude; for you may frequently see a tall raw head with a musket not eighteen inches long, while at his elbow struts a *Zaccheus* with a lame leg, and a musket with a barrel six feet long. It is not beyond the fact, that ten muskets out of the dozen have not a lock, and the few that have, the lock,

stock, and barrel, are kept together *with a string*. They are troops that would *not soon fly*; for most of them are of the Mephibosheth family, lame of their feet. This defect of musketry by some is atoned for by their wearing a sword; but it is equally harmless as the other, for the strength of a Samson could not tear it from its scabbard.— Their squalid visage, and meagre countenances, promise a very scanty repast for their sister worms; and their carcasses on a field of battle would scarcely yield nutriment to a Scotch thistle. Their officers, indeed, are generally real burghers, which the whole corps ought to be by the laws of the city; but this law is dispensed with, and this body of scare-crows are procured for a trifle each night, to allow the wealthy citizen his comfortable ease. These officers are frequently the younger sons of the rich senators, who are fond of having this opportunity of appearing in scarlet. Their order of march is with four of these heroes in front, then two Petit-Maitres of officers behind, and so alternately, till the whole have *crawled* on to their ultimate destination. These officers, indeed, pay little attention to the march, being occupied with preserving a graceful manner of disposing the hat in one hand, and a halbert in the other. They despise not the ‘greetings in the streets,’ nor the ladies salutations from the windows; these are not bestowed on *insensibles*, for they repay them with interest; and I do not over-rate the number when I say, that from their first outset to their arrival at the last guard-house, these pretty gentlemen have bowed their pliable necks a thousand times; and with the hat in their

right hand have described as many circles.—*Glasgow Paper*

ANECDOTE OF DUELLING.

AN honest mechanic having an inclination to treat himself with a play, and being seated in the pit, saw an acquaintance at no great distance, and, during the interval between the acts, he left his seat to speak to his friend, placing his hat upon it, to keep possession. This was observed by a box-lobby hero, who, just at the time, descended into the pit, and whirling the helpless place-keeper towards the stage, possessed himself of the vacant seat. The signal for a new act being given, the original proprietor returned to claim his right; but felt something of the surprise, tho’ unattended with the horror of Macbeth, when he perceived the ghost of Banquo seated on his stool. He mildly expostulated with the intruder, and requested him to resign his seat, and restore the hat. To this modest request, the ferocious invader replied, “he might probably find his hat somewhere in the pit, but as to the seat, he had it, and would keep it.”— This *retort valiant* was not answered by words, but “by a deed as bold;” for the incensed mechanic, taking the hat from the head of his martial adversary, threw it on the stage, to the great diversion of the gods in the shilling gallery, who rewarded him with a thunder of applause. The astonished and disconcerted hero, starting up with indignant fury, which the unruffled air and serene countenance of the mechanic, instantaneously melted down to that composed prudent degree of valour, which should always be tempered with discretion, civilly demanded sat-

isfaction for the indignity offered him ; to which the mechanic most demurely replied, that he had merely endeavoured at an humble imitation of his opponent's spirited exploit ; but though he thought they had *now* little subject of complaint, or dispute, he was extremely willing to give the gentleman any *further* satisfaction he could reasonably desire. On this each gave his address, and a meeting for the next morning was appointed. One point only remained to be settled which was the choice of weapons ; and this being, of course, left to the party challenged, he thus addressed his antagonist—
 “ My name and address you know already ; my business is that of a carpenter, and my weapon a *broad axe* !—provide yourself accordingly, and be punctual to time and place ” Astonished and appalled, the redoubted hero shrunk back from the proffered combat, and retreated, in quick time, to the music of hisses, groans and cat-calls.

From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

— PROPHECY,

Made by the Reverend Stanislaus Lends of the Church of St Patrick, (Ireland) in the year 1713 Sent to London in the year 1812, from the Lower Countries, where it had been preserved from 50 to 60 years.

BEFORE this age shall have passed away, a monster in human shape, generated by crime, shall rise from the sea towards the south. The Lillies shall cherish, but ingratitude arm, and ambition stimulate him to seize the sceptre. In the kingdom, which he shall treacherously invade, exactions, lies, impieties and cruelties, shall maintain him. He shall lay in wait for

potentates and aspire to the domination of all nations, and the ruin of Jerusalem.* He shall destroy the Lillies, for his heart shall be prone to destruction. He shall shake the Eagles, and an illustrious daughter of one of these he shall defile in *Forbidden Wedlock*. Whence shall be borne one, of whom his own blood shall be ashamed, who shall abhor his own Father, fly from the sight of men, and in a state of celibacy dedicated to God, strive to expiate for a long time the crimes of his kindred.

This monster, like Nabuchodonosor, Salmanassar, and Senacherib, the rod and the staff of the Lord's anger for the iniquities of many, shall be sent into the world, for the earth will then be corrupted, and therefore the land will become desolate and the fulness thereof. But after great tribulation and oppression shall have prevailed for the space of two long weeks,† very many shall depart from their evil ways, and the Lord shall again be gracious and merciful. Then the rod shall fall, and smite him who has himself been a rod. Then the Eagle shall stand against Eagle, and the North against the South, who has brought forth the monster.

Nevertheless, the torrent of iniquity shall not yet subside. Alas, for the Lillies, great but short will be your tribulation. For whatever shall be fit for the fury of war will be compelled to support the madness of the monster. All the instruments of oppression shall cherish and flatter him ; but by how much the more lofty they shall elevate him, the deeper, it is decreed, will be his downfall. He shall rave against God, and his pride shall ascend to the

ears of the Most High, and therefore the Lord shall bewilder his Counsels, and shall place a hook in his nostrils and a bridle in his lips. All the blood that will have been shed shall cry out against him. He shall be loth of his own life, and attempt to destroy it by the sword or by poison; but He who rules over the destinies of the world has not so ordained. The monster has heaped together iniquities and scandals in the sight of men; and in the sight of men, it is decreed, he shall atone for them. Exposed to the reproach of the world, which he has desolated, he shall perish as a fearful warning to others, by a dreadful but condign punishment. Then the Lillies shall arise again, peace be restored amongst the powerful Monarchs, and Loyalty amongst the people. Then the earth shall be obedient and adore the justice of the Most High, and the more near to her ruin the Holy City has been, the more glorious she shall rise, and we shall see the gates of Hell cannot prevail against her.

* Jerusalem signifies the Church of Christ

† A week in Scripture Language, signifies 7 years, and two long weeks more than 14 years.

VARIETY.

SAGACITY OF THE POODLE DOG.

A shoe black who used to take his station before the entrance of the Hotel de Nigernois, at Paris, possessed a large black poodle, who had the extraordinary talent of procuring custom for his master. This animal would dip his large woolly paw into the kennel, and put it upon every foot that came near him. The shoe-black of course was ever ready to offer his stool,

with an invitation to the person bedaubed to take a seat upon it, and have the filth wiped off his shoe; as long as the dog saw his master employed, he would lay quietly by his side, seeming to know that he could not clean two pair of shoes at a time, but as soon as he saw his master unoccupied, he went on with his business. The sagacity of this extraordinary animal became the conversation of the servants in the hotel, and from the kitchen his fame soon mounted into the drawing room. A wealthy Englishman, who happened to be on a visit at the hotel, was so delighted with the wonderful abilities of the poodle, that he offered the shoe-black 10 guineas for him, but the master loved his dog, and would not take the money offered. The gentleman doubled the sum; this was too great a temptation—he dropt a tear over his dog, took the money, and gave up his faithful companion. The dog was immediately taken to London by his new master.

Fourteen days after, when the poor shoe-black had passed a very melancholy day, not having had a single shoe to clean, which, of course, made him doubly regret the loss of his dear dog, the poor animal came bounding to his old master, licking his face and hands, and howling out his joy. The satisfaction of the shoe-black cannot be expressed—"My dear fellow workman," (said he, rapturously kissing his dog,) we'll part no more; the Englishman may take his 20 guineas again. I would not now part with thee for a hundred times that sum." It was ascertained that this poor dog having jumped back into the same packet that conveyed him to Dover, had travelled from London to Dover in six days; and it is supposed from his appearance, that he had scarcely had any food during that period.

Some gentlemen were lately admiring a horse belonging to a countryman. The honest farmer thinking more praise was bestowed on his beast

than it deserved, said to some of the gentlemen, "True, she is a very fine mare, but she *stumbles* like the *nation*." Then, (replied one of the gentlemen) she must be a good for nothing beast indeed.

SINGULAR FACT.

When the present king of Great-Britain was crowned, the Lord Chancellor was in the act of placing the crown on his head, one of the most costly jewels in the chief cross, being accidentally loosened, fell to the floor. The accident did not escape observation; and those who see signs and omens in almost every thing, predicted that some rich appendage to the crown would fall off during his majesty's reign.

"The sage astrologers, if they please may tell—

"The jewel was America that fell."

SALT.

A lady pretty far advanced in years, but of a strong hale constitution, lately died suddenly. It was thought necessary, to ascertain the cause of her death, to open the body; and as no affection appeared in the head, the body was first inspected. In the *viscus* was found a quantity liquor which exactly resembled brine, and the coats of the stomach were shrivelled like meat in pickle. All the other *viscera* were affected in the same manner, more or less, and on enquiry it was found that the deceased was in the habit of using dry salt in a most uncommon quantity, seldom taking less than two ounces with her daily food, and to this was attributed the above appearances, which is mentioned as a caution to others.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale, of Mollington, near Chester, died a few days ago, on the same day, and at the same hour; they were born in the same month and year. They were married at the age of twenty five, and lived afterwards happily together exactly half a century.

Within the course of the last fortnight, a number of the inhabitants of North Shields have been completely taken in by a man vending what he termed smuggled gin in casks, at 12s 6d a gallon. In order that his customers might be convinced of its *superior* quality, he spiled each, which on tasting was found excellent; and the lovers of the reviving cordial deemed themselves fortunate in being able at so cheap a rate to gratify themselves in dram drinking. But alas; on drawing it off, instead of neat Hollands, they found *salt water*, with the exception of about half a pint of gin contained in a tin tube, which was artfully fixed to the end of the vessel, where the impostor took care to make his spile holes. It is believed he has, by this deception, carried away between 2 and 300*l.* in cash.

COURAGE.

That man is only truly brave who fears nothing so much as doing a shameful action; and that dares resolutely and undauntedly go where his duty, how dangerous soever it is, may call him.

REFLECTIONS.

Undue compliments ought to be considered as an affront to the understanding of the persons to whom they are addressed.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. There are men however who judge of both from the beauty of the *covering*.

DISSIPATION.

Strip dissipation of its robe of fashion—show it in its naked deformity—see it surrounded by its offspring, poverty, suicide, despair and madness!—who would be weak enough to pursue it!

DECEPTION.

The lips often deceive; the eyes never.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES.

ON the death of the rev. Dr. FAITOUT.

Written at the request of a friend.

“—Ennobling virtue fixed his hopes above,
Enlarg’d his heart and sanctified his love.
With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walk’d with GOD.

— *Montgomery.*

ON had my lyre been never link’d
In folly’s wild unmeaning chain,
I now could give its yielding strings
A holy, hallow’d, sacred, strain ;
But all unmeet to praise celestial worth,
A hack’ney’d harp devoted oft to mirth.

I dare not pour the idle strain
With tinkling chime o’er virtue’s sod,
The christian’s grave is hallow’d ground,
The slumb’rer once the type of GOD :
A faithful steward of the talents given,
Through death’s dark vale he wings his
flight to heaven.

Tho’ base detraction loves to dwell,
Hyena like ’mongst mould’ring manes,
Fear not blest shade, beyond her reach
She cannot blast a spotless fame :
Then let her gaze with speechless tongue,
And bid her harpy train pass on.

Then sleep in peace, thy sorrowing flock
Shall long lament their shepherd gone ;
E’en resignation’s placid eye
Shall drop a tear on virtue’s urn :
For tho’ with GOD we know the slumb’rer
rests,
There’s still a “ void left aching in the
breast.”

Affection shrinks and friendship chides
The grave that shades no prospect fair ;
The soul that form’d the man is fled,
And nought but kindred dust is there :
Pierce thro’ yon skies ere this a joyous train
Have hail’d their guest with loud seraphic
strain ;

Ere this he tastes the bliss extatic given,
What mortals ne’er conceiv’d—the joys of
Heaven.

ELLA.

For the New-York, Weekly Museum.

LINES

Written on the blank leaf of my Sister’s Bible.

HERE will you court, lov’d girl, Religion’s
sacred bow’r,
And with the rapturous feelings of its su-
asive pow’r,
Kindle emotion, with extatic heav’n-born
zest,
That leads thee to thy GOD, and lights thy
sorrowing breast.

Like the silver mantled orb, whose tremu-
lous light,
Dispe’s those shades which form the gloom
of night,
Draws Evening’s veil unseen from nature’s
breast,
And with her glare paints all creation with
her crest ;

Plays in mild majesty upon the winding
stream,
And lights the lonely traveller’s path with its
lov’d sheen ;
’Tis thus Religion beams upon thy grief worn
heart,
To bid thy sorrows from their cavern’d cell
depart ;

Speaks to thy wounded soul with soft per-
sasive strains,
And robs it of the garment of its former
pains ;
And may its “ precious oil,” for e’er with
thee abound,
To heal, when grief inflicts his shaft, each
bleeding wound :

Ingraft this moral on thy heart, ’tis nature’s
soothing strain,
“ All thoughts of happiness upon this earth
are vain ;”
For mundane objects, like the rainbow’s
magic hue,
Gilds but our moments, ’tis the shadow we
pursue ;

The vain anticipated phantom soon is fled,
Then nature’s tear, regretting for the past,
is shed.

Where is the comforter, like sweet Religion's voice,
Which bids you still undaunted in *your* God rejoice.

And as a recompense for every earthly pain,
You're told he "wounds to heal" and you shall know the gain.

Therefore dear girl, tho' rocks should bound
on every side,

And thy weak felucca should almost drink
the tide,

He, who's thy helmsman, will the rocks and
winds defy,

And after life will moor thy feeble barque
on high,

Secure from every racking blast, and every
nod,

There shalt thou rest, in bliss, with *thy* own
father GOD. ROLLA.

From a late London paper.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

By William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq.

"ARRAIGN'D by nations let the culprit stand,
At Europe's bar—and there uplift his hand!
The shades of murder'd Enghein, Palm and
Wright,

And all the massacres that mark his reign—
The bones that whiten Jaffa's dreary plain,
With those that bleach beneath the Northern
sky,

All on his head for retribution cry!
Mercy, too long abused, will cease to plead,
When the world dooms the man of blood to
bleed!

And should degraded France his cause main-
tain,

She shares his guilt—and ought to share his
pain."

So sang a Bard, whose lays for years express'd
The honest hatred of a patriot breast,
Against the vile oppressor of mankind,
To whose black crimes some dazzled eyes
were blind:

The Muse's prophecy complete at last,
Thy reign, detested Corsican! is past!
And Heaven decreed, in its appointed hour,
That Britain's arm should crush the tyrant's
power.

But where's the Bard, however grac'd his
name

Can venture to describe great Wellesley's
fame?

Such Bard, in strength and loftiness of lays,
May soar beyond hyperbole of praise,
And yet not give the tribute that is due—

To Britons, Wellington, led on by you!

For to the plains of Waterloo belong,

The magic numbers of immortal song!

A Homer's lyre, or Cesar's pen should tell

How Brunswick died, and valiant Picton fell;

How Ponsonby, too, shar'd their honour'd
fate,

And join'd in death, the gallant and the
great;

How laurel'd Wellington seiz'd fortune's
hour,

To blast, like lightning, Bonaparte's power

And with a mighty and tremendous blow,
Confound, defeat, annihilate the foe!

In vain the cuirassier's advance,

The tyrant's boast, the pride of France,

To break our hollow square,

Ten times they charge, ten times retire,

Again they face the British fire,

To perish in despair.

New masses on our squares descend,

They also charge to meet their end,

And countless warriors fall;

Horses and horsemen strew the plain,

And cannon, mingled with the slain,

One fate attends them all!

So on some bold projecting rock,

The furious billows beat,

But still it stands the mighty shock,

And spurns them from its feet!

Thus long defensive Briton's stood,

And brav'd the overwhelming flood,

With constancy divine!

'Till the brave Prussian's distant gun

Induc'd the glorious Wellington,

To form the British line.

His eagle eye surveys from far,

That moment which decides the war,

"Forward!" he cried, "for England
glory!"

The veteran bands of Gallia yield,

And Waterloo's triumphant field,

Shall shine in British story!

Not Cressy, Agincourt, or Blenheim's day,
Could bear a nobler wreath of fame away;
And Princely Edward, Henry, Marlborough
too,

Had done that justice, Wellington to you!
Such mighty triumphs must be purchased
dear,

And on her laurels, Victory drops a tear!
The sweetest tribute to the fallen brave,
Are soldier's sorrows—on a soldier's grave
The blood that's shed gives every bosom
pain,

With this solace—it is not shed in vain;
For to their noble death their country owes
Her high renown, and Europe her repose!
On lofty columns of eternal fame,
Shall British gratitude record each name;
There ever shall each Sister Isle behold,
Her gallant sons immortalized in gold;
But deeper far eternally imprest,
Shall live their memory in the patriot breast;
Nor shall the gallant Germans be forgot,
Who shared their triumphs, and partook their
lot.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1815.

Intelligence.

The ship *Lorenzo*, capt. Dunbar, arrived yesterday in 38 days from Liverpool. In this ship came passengers Messrs. Gallatin and Clay, the bearers of the Commercial Treaty between this country and Great-Britain; which is said to be fixed on the principle of Reciprocity; that the vessels of the two nations shall be received in the ports of each other, paying no higher duties than their own: and it is said American vessels will have full liberty of Commerce to Calcutta, and all the English Factories in Hindostan. And by another article, the English it is said engages not to trade with any of the Indian nations, whose territory is comprized within the United States.

Col. Barclay, the British Commissioner for settling the boundary lines between the United States and the

English American provinces, has arrived at Boston.

Captain Parker of the *Thetis*, arrived at this port, says that the day before he left St. Thomas a Packet had arrived with the official account of the capture of Guadaloupeby the British, after a severe battle.

Accounts have been received, that many of the homeward bound Jamaica fleet of merchantmen have severely suffered, and some foundered, in a violent gale of wind, on the Banks of Newfoundland about the 9th of Aug.

On Thursday night last, about eleven o'clock, a Fire broke out in what is called a Feed-store, in Mott, near Pell street Such was the fury of the flames kept up by a high wind, that notwithstanding the usual activity of our firemen, 30 or 35 houses, chiefly wooden buildings, with a great deal of other property, were very shortly destroyed; and, melancholy also to relate, the Episcopal Church in Mott street, called Zion Church, shared a similar fate.

Zion Church, (says the *Eve. Post*.) was a very neat and convenient edifice, belonged to a small congregation of Episcopalians, consisting mostly of mechanics, not in opulent circumstances, who have for several years past, by extraordinary exertions maintained public worship in a decent and becoming style: But unless they shall be assisted, by their more fortunate neighbors, the congregation, as such, is now ruined; it cannot survive this misfortune; as its funds are by no means sufficient to re-build the church. We sincerely hope, those Episcopalian congregations, which have funds, will take their case into consideration, and grant them such relief as may be in their power.

By arrivals from Europe our news from England is brought down to the end of July, the most important and most extraordinary of which is, the arrival of Napoleon Bonaparte in England. Despairing of effecting his escape out of France, he was so closely watched, that he determined to

give himself up to England, and on the 16th July embarked, with a number of his followers, on board of an English ship of the line then lying off Rochelle. The last accounts state that the ship had arrived at Torbay, and he was still on board (the 28th July) waiting the decision of the British government.

The following is Bonaparte's letter to the Prince Regent on this occasion :

"In consequence of the factions which have divided my country, and the hatred of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career ; and I come, like Themistocles, to place myself under the protection of the British nation. I place myself under her protection and her laws, and which I demand of your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

It is said that the Allied army in France, amounts to 700,000 men ; that of this number near 200,000 occupy the city of Paris. That they have laid heavy contributions on the citizens, and the Prussians is said to have been guilty of great excesses.

The nations that have been plundered in the course of the last 20 years of their ancient monuments of art, scarce and invaluable manuscripts, diamonds, &c. which had been carried to Paris, are, it appears, in expectation of getting them back again.

France is said to be charged by the Allies with all the expences of the war ; payment to be made in the course of four years. The allies to commence the evacuation of France on the 25th of August, with the exception of such corps as may be thought necessary to aid in the re-establishment of the public tranquillity.

A letter from Mons, of the 14th of July, to a person in England, writing about the battle of Waterloo, says, "It is only four days since the burying of the dead with which the field of battle was strewed, was completed. Several thousand carts had been in requisition for this operation. After the lapse of 10, 12, and even 15 days, there were found among the dead carcasses great numbers of the wounded, who, impelled by madness or hunger, had eat of the

bodies of the men and horses that surrounded them. I say madness, because there were some who even cried, in their dying agonies, *Vive l'Empereur*, as they were raised up by the persons engaged in the removal." The killed and wounded, on both sides, in this battle, is said to amount to more than 70,000 men, besides a great number of dragoon horses.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Joseph P. Broderick, printer, to Miss Ann Brownlee, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Gerard De Peyster, esq. to Miss Eliza Matilda Duffie, daughter of the late Mr. John Duffie, merchant.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. John Salisbury, merchant, to Miss Mary Wool, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Burke, Mr. James Conger, (of the firm of Conger, & Allen,) to Miss Eliza Dob, daughter of Mr. Peter Dob, all of this city.

Mr. Seabury Ely, to Miss Ann Brown, daughter of Mr. Robert Brown, both of this city.

Mr. Charles M. Gamage, to Miss Mary Sewell, daughter of the late A. Sewell.

Obituary.

The city Inspector reports the death of 52 persons, during the week ending on the 26th day of Aug.—of whom 12 were men, 9 women, 16 boys, and 15 girls,

DIED,

Mr. John Nestle, in the 29th year of his age.

Mr. Edward Keefe, aged 28.

Suddenly, Mr. John Bartow, sen. aged 75 years.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Eli C. Frost.

Mrs. Margaret Demilt, wife of Benjamin Demilt, aged 25 years.

Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, wife of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke.

At Westchester, of a lingering illness Mr. Thomas Houghton, a native of England.

WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

In a town in the west of England, and at an inn, were several people sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other apartments in the house, among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor. In this inn there was a lodge of free and accepted masons held, and it being lodge night, several of the members passed thro' in their way to the lodge; this introduced observations on the principles of masonry, and the occult signs by which masons could be known. The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could show the mason's sign; "What," said the tailor, "that of the free and accepted?" "Yes," she replied, "and will hold you a half crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members you please to nominate."—"Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted, and how is it possible you could procure it?" "No matter for that," added she, "I will readily forfeit, if I do not establish the fact."—The company urged the tailor to accept the challenge, to which he consented, and the bet was deposited. The woman got up, took the tailor by the collar, "Come," says she, "follow me;" which he did, trembling and fearing that he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making a mason, (the poker being then in the fire) of which he had heard such a dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to the lion and the lamb, asked whose sign it was? he answered, "Mr. Loder's," the name of the innkeeper. "Is he a freemason?" "Yes." "Then I have shown you the sign of a free and accepted mason."—The laugh was so much against the poor tailor for being *taken in*, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed on to partake of the liquor.—*Masonic Visitor.*

Peace! thou daughter of heaven!—
first offspring of the God of Love!
hasten to make thy residence with us
on earth.

FIGHTING PRELATE.

King Richard I. in one of his battles with the French took Philip de Dreux, Bishop of Beauvais, prisoner. The Pope interceded for his liberty, in a letter, wherein he styled the fighting Bishop *his dearly beloved son*. The king by way of answer, sent the Bishop's suit of armour, stained with blood, and covered with dust, to the Pope, and asked him, *whether he knew his son's coat or no?* The Pope was ashamed at the sight, and left the Bishop to Richard's mercy—A lesson this to Political Clergy, to turn their attention to their Master's kingdom, which is not of this world, and to be persuaded, that God can govern the nations of the earth without their aid.

A Country Gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in the arbour—"What, (says he) asleep, instead of at work, you idle dog, you are not worthy the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore, I laid myself down *in the shade!*"

TWO or three YOUNG WOMEN will be taken to learn the Tailoring Business, by applying at No. 10, Pump-street, between Orchard and Sixth-streets. Such as are handy with their needle would be preferred.

FROM LONDON.

MRS. S. COOKE, Miliner, Fancy Dress, Pelice and Corsett maker, respectfully informs the Ladies of New-York and its vicinity, that she has opened in the above line, at No. 262 William-street, where, by an assiduous attention to the above branches, she hopes to merit the patronage of those Ladies who may please to favour her with their commands—Also, a good assortment of **THREAD LACES, LACE VAILS, &c.**

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